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Hog Creek Review



Writer's Block

The ink in the well has run dry
Long ago.
Empty sheets of crisp white
Lay sprawled on an
intricate oak desk,
never knowing the touch of
soft lead or
feeling the glide of
oceans of blue ink
sprawling into every corner
of their pages.
A rigid chair sits
in stoic silence,
dust gathering softly
on the bends of the
aged wood.
The blinds are drawn,
letting no light seep
through the crevices.
But a monster lurks,
hanging heavy in the air,
seeping into every fiber
of this hallowed space.
Swallowing inspiration
from the veins of all
who enter.